

Fleataxi. Fourth of July Surprise.

### July 6, 2005

(AP) FLASH – US GOVT ORDERS EVACUATION OF SOUTHERN CA  
President Hillary Clinton ordered National Guard units to assist in the orderly evacuation of Southern California due to a biological weapons attack. Units are to be drawn from all U.S. commands and are to be in place within 24 hours. Evacuation routes to relocation centers are being posted, as well as deadlines for communities in the way of the biological weapon agent to be evacuated.  
END

Steve Smith and his friend Mike Edwards, along with their families, celebrated July 4th in their usual way, by going off-roading at the Glamis Dunes.

Steve turned on the radio to check the weather, and heard the report of the evacuation. All of the families heard the broadcast, and panic ensued until Steve and Mike took a walk and discussed things.

Mike advised Steve to break out his satellite telephone and hook it to his laptop, and then he asked Steve to get lost for a few since he didn't want to know what Mike was doing.

An hour later, Mike gave Steve a sitrep. "You don't need to know where I got this info, but my sources tell me this evacuation is bogus!"

Steve kidded Mike. "Which tabloid did you get that tidbit from?"

Mike said, "I can't tell you the source, but I can answer your question with a question: How come no Southern California Guard units are being called in, and why aren't they being issued NBC suits?"

"What? You're shitting me! No way, Jose!"

"Speaking of which, guess what the Mexican Army is doing? It's moving north ... INTO the danger zone ... without NBC suits! Starting to smell something yet?"

"Yeah, can you say SELLOUT? Say, Mike, can you use that satellite system to contact the rest of our team and give them a sitrep without compromising either our locations or the message?"

"Luckily, we discussed secure communications last month at our meeting, and I'm sure all the other team members are posting a listening watch."

### July 7, 2005

(AP) FLASH – MARTIAL LAW DECLARED IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA;  
CHECKPOINTS TO BE MANNED BY 2400 HOURS TODAY

Martial law has been declared throughout Southern California by President Clinton. National Guard and FEMA troops will man checkpoints by 2400 hours in order to restrict movement into danger areas and to ensure an orderly evacuation.

END

Steve and Mike listened to the radio when the martial law declaration was read. Mike said "This changes things!"

Both Steve and Mike had the bulk of their equipment, food and preparations located in or near their homes. Some stuff was cached in remote locations along likely evacuation routes to resupply if necessary.

Mike immediately set up the satellite transceiver and the laptop, and sent off a burst transmission to the rest of their team, advising them of the new restrictions

Within a couple of hours, Mike received responses from some of the team members who were still in the area. It seems the "evacuation" was going slowly and was way off schedule. Several people had noticed by now the NG units didn't even have their gas masks on them, and started to figure it out. Unfortunately for them, it was too late, since the NG and FEMA had orders to move the people by force if necessary, and to confiscate any weapons or ammo found. The day after Independence Day, the blood of Patriots watered the tree of Liberty once again, dying to defend themselves from tyranny.

Steve and Mike called their families together, explained the situation to them, their consensus was that the smart thing to do was to leave the women and children where they were in a known secure area, with plenty of firepower and defensible space while Mike and Steve rode their motorbikes back to San Diego to collect as much of their gear as possible.

Fortunately Steve and Mike owned identical Honda 250 off-road bikes with desert tanks, and had brought the topo maps of the entire area that showed all the trails and back roads that wouldn't likely be blockaded. They left that evening, riding single file with their assault packs and Camelbacks full. Each carried a Glock 45, and a CAR-15.

Years before, they had been doing one of their favorite pastimes, going through "what if" scenarios and writing down the solution. Part of this was to purchase special mufflers for their motorcycles that would greatly reduce the noise made at lower speeds, and still gave full throttle if needed. They mounted the special mufflers to their bikes, fitted the blackout shields to the headlights of the bikes, topped off the tanks, filled their Camelbacks, hugged their wives and kids, and drove off into the sunset.

## **July 8, 2005**

No further news...

Mike and Steve rode on through the night, stopping in little hamlets along the way to gas up and refill their camelbacks. They took back roads and unused trails so to avoid any checkpoints. They rode with their blackout masks on their headlights, and stopped frequently to use their night vision and consult their maps... the last thing they needed was to drive off a cliff by making a wrong turn.

Eventually they hooked up with State Route 94, a little-used back road in San Diego County, and they stopped in Jamul to call their buddies and get a sitrep. Steve and Mike both lived in Southeast San Diego County, so they were home within an hour after they called for a sitrep. Steve parked his bike in the garage, took a shower, and caught a combat nap. After breakfast, he went to his basement, backed the Jeep up to the hidden roll-up door and hitched up the trailer he had pre-loaded to go at a moment's notice. He grabbed a couple of extra items his wife suggested, and put those in the back of the Jeep. He called Mike, told him he was ready to BO, and to meet him and the rest of the team at the pre-arranged meeting spot. They had an uneventful trip to the rendezvous spot, where the team combat loaded the vehicles so if they lost a vehicle, no one would have all the critical items in one Jeep. Since they met no roadblocks on the way in, the team figured Mike & Steve's route was still OK. Just outside Jamul, they met up with what appeared to be a hasty roadblock of two Hummers blocking the road, and the guys in the Hummers were wearing blue helmets. Thinking ahead,

Steve had painted Red Cross logos on his Jeep, and the team was in NATO cammo, so when they drove up to the roadblock, they figured they could talk their way through.

When they got to the roadblock, the UN crew ordered all the women out of the vehicles. Sensing trouble, Mike had pulled his Hummer up into a position so he could cover Steve's Jeep. When He heard the order to turn over the women, Mike reached down and brought the muzzle of the MP-5 up and stitched a series of holes in the UN scumbags. Steve was surprised by how little noise the MP-5 made until he realized Mike had a silencer on the MP-5. The commander of the UN crew was still alive when Mike got up to him, and he was really freaking out, screaming something unintelligible... except to Mike, who reached over and pulled up his right sleeve, showing the commander a tattoo on his right biceps. The commander really started freaking out, and Mike hit him with the muzzle of his MP-5. He finally calmed down enough to answer a few questions. When Mike was satisfied, he brought the muzzle of the MP-5 down, and blew off the commander's head.

Page 5 of 41

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The rest of the trip back to Glamis was uneventful, and the rest of the team were waiting there with Mike and Steve's wives and kids. Mike sat everyone down, and asked for a sitrep since they'd been out of the loop for several hours. The news was not good. President HC had further expanded the lock-down to include all of LA County, and by now the Patriots had figured out the "Evacuation" was a sham, and several firefights had broken out. Up till now, the NG troops had been kept in the dark about what was really going on, but in this case, several Patriots were also in the guard, and when they received word through the Grapevine, they passed the word through the rank and file that a Civil War was brewing, and that HC was trying to start a palace coup.

Some NG Units were Clinton Loyalists to the core, and obeyed orders – even to shooting fellow Americans. Some NG Units were 100% Patriot, and opened their Armories to fellow patriots and gave away their excess M-16's, ammo, grenade launchers, and any other small arms that the NG troops weren't going to need themselves when they formed their own Militia Groups. When Governor Fineswine heard of the desertions, she threw a hissy fit, swearing so loudly and obscenely that she said some words her Ex-Marine bodyguard hadn't heard before. When all was said and done, about 50% of the PRC's NG troops went over to the Patriot side with all their weapons including tanks, airplanes, and helicopters. Some snuck into the armories of the Loyalist troops, and planted charges to go off when they had cleared the area. The detonations destroyed the Loyalists' weapons armories, and caused massive casualties. This further crippled a plan that was doomed from the start.

### July 10, 2005

After a nap, the group at Glamis settled in around the campfire to plan their strategy. Mike, the nominal leader of the cell, spoke first. "I'm not going to sugar coat this...We're stuck in the desert with what we got away with – I can't guarantee the safety of anyone who wants to go back to San Diego. Between what we have, and our caches, we've got enough stuff for at least 6 months. The only problem is water...our trailer only carries 200 gallons, and it's half empty. Refilling it means going into a developed area, and risking getting spotted, however, we've only got enough water to last the week, so either we move to water, or we arrange a secure filling site away from the population. Also, we don't know the conditions between here and our retreat in Nevada. Since we have our wives and kids with us, we're out of the game as far as joining other Patriot forces, but we're well equipped and trained for self-defense."

Meanwhile, Steve pored over the map, and called Mike's attention to a spot less than 50 miles away. "Mike, check this out – I found a Snowbird Camp."

Mike walked over, looked at the map, and grinned "Maybe we aren't in as bad shape as I thought – there's a deserted campground less than 50 miles from here that should provide shade, water, and flush toilets." The rest of the group rushed over to look, and everyone patted Steve on the back.

The next morning, Mike and Steve boarded their bikes again, and took their Handy talkies with them. They rode carefully up to the entrance to the camp, and noticed that the office was boarded up with a Closed sign on it. They pulled up to the nearest water spigot, and Steve turned the valve with his Leatherman. Water came gushing out, and after a minute, Steve took his canteen cup, and sampled the water. It was warm, but fit to drink. Meanwhile Mike pulled up to the restrooms, picked the lock on the door, and turned the faucet – the water was on in there as well. Mike rode back to Steve and they radioed the good news to the team. About an hour later, the trucks pulling the trailers and the rest of the vehicles of the team arrived at the campground, and dispersed under the trees. Everyone immediately connected to the water supply, connected their in-line filters to the supply hose, and filled their tanks. Then they all went over to the dump site, and dumped their sewage tanks and rinsed them. If they needed to leave in a hurry, at least they'll have full water tanks, and empty sewage tanks. Unfortunately, the electricity was cut off at the meter, so they had to rely on generators and solar power.

Everyone got settled, then they congregated around a central fire ring, and someone brought out a radio. They hunted around for a frequency, then they found an All News AM station still broadcasting.

#### BREAKING NEWS

Gov. Fineswine, following President Hillary's declaration of martial law in Southern California, has ordered the confiscation of all assault weapons by National Guard troops. Local police and sheriffs are ordered to assist.

When the broadcast was finished, Mike grabbed his portable Shortwave receiver and portable antenna, and one of the guys helped him string up the antenna. Mike started scanning a preset group of frequencies, and picked up the Voice of the Patriots on SSB.

"This message is for All Patriots in California, Gov. Fineswine is in cahoots with President Clinton! As we speak Mexican Army Regulars are moving north invading San Diego and Southern Los Angeles Counties. Resistance is said to be fierce, with Patriot and Patriot NG units engaging in hit and run attacks to slow them down. President Fox has been quoted as saying that Mexico is entering the US to put down a rebellion, but sources state the Aztlan Front has encouraged Mexico to retake Southern California and annex it to Mexico! Anyone in Southern California may find themselves in Occupied Territory before long. Any Patriots who have not joined up with their units are urged to flee Southern California and regroup in Northern Nevada where the Nevada Patriots are waiting with reinforcements to launch a counteroffensive."

"Well, That Tears It!" Steve yelled at no one in particular, "Looks like we can't stay here!"

Steve's wife Lori asked him "Why Not?"

“Because it’s just a matter of time before they start searching the desert for stragglers, and we don’t want to face even the Mexican Army right now – with women and children to worry about!”

Lori yelled, “Well don’t let that stop you!”

Mike interjected, “Lori, you don’t understand how violent and dangerous all-out combat can get! If push comes to shove, we’ll defend ourselves, but we will take casualties, and personally I’d rather not see my wife and kids killed!”

### July 11, 2005

The group had an uneasy layover in the campground, while Patriots and NG troops battled the invaders from the South. Mike turned on his Portable Shortwave for an update.

“As of 0800 this morning, the Mexican Army has made no further incursions into California, but most of San Diego County is a battleground, and all civilians are urged to leave. We advise people who have off-road capable vehicles to leave Eastbound on secondary roads to avoid roadblocks. Also, anyone found with any gun at these roadblocks is now being summarily executed along with his family. Gasoline is problematic since there haven’t been any deliveries since the state of emergency was declared a week ago.”

When the message ended, Steve blew his whistle 3 times, and made a circle with his right hand above his head. The rest of the team came running, and they knelt in a circle.

Mike gave the group a sitrep on what they just heard over the Shortwave. “Guys, it doesn’t look good to stay here long-term like we planned yesterday, the guy on the Shortwave said that Nevada Patriots were forming up to counterattack, and I think this area is going to get much hotter before this thing is over. The first thing we need to think about is the security of our families and non-combatants. Then we need to take a vote as to whether we want to get involved in this fight.”

Steve looked at Mike, and asked if he knew anyone in Nevada who could be trusted to watch over the non-combatants.

Bob, the Team Medic piped up, “My folks live in Midas, that’s about as “middle of nowhere” as you can get, they’ve got a huge ranch with plenty of outbuildings, and I’m sure they’d love the company.”

Steve asked Bob how to get hold of them.

“They’re too old to have Internet access, but the phone works.” Steve handed Bob his Satellite phone, and Bob dialed his parent’s house. “Dad, Hi – it’s Bob! Yeah I know... Long time. Listen Dad, I don’t have much time, and I need a favor. You remember all the stuff on the radio about California? We made it out by the skin of our teeth, and we need a place to stay...Oh and do you have room for 20 of my friends? Ok, thanks...Yeah I Love you too Dad. See ya soon.” “OK, we’re on.”

Mike broke out his Atlas, and found the right maps... “Seems we want to stay on the smaller State Routes, good thing we’ve got a trailer full of gas. Any questions? OK, let’s get going.”

With that, the meeting broke up as the families scrambled to set their trailers up for towing, top off the gas tanks, fill as many water containers as possible, and flush the sewage tanks. Mike and Steve went over the maps, and marked out their probable route, then showed it to the other drivers in case they got separated. Everyone made sure their FRS radios had fresh batteries and were working OK. Larry, the team’s electronics wiz, had monkeyed with the radios to operate off band with a custom super-secure scrambling chip. That way,

everyone was on the same frequency, and they operated at such low power the FCC wouldn't notice. When everyone was set, they formed up in convoy and headed off

### July 12, 2005

*Somewhere in the desert, People's Republic of California*

Steve and Mike had deliberately stayed to the less-traveled State Routes going North through the desert. Even still, they needed to stop somewhere for gas and supplies. They came across this little gas station in the middle of nowhere that wasn't on any map. Looking at his nearly empty gas gauge, and not wanting to dip into their reserves, Mike called the rest of the team on the radio. They agreed to chance it since this station was so isolated. While the rest of the team ducked off the road out of sight, Mike drove his Jeep up to the gas pumps, double-checked his Glock 45, and walked up to the door. He was met by some old dusty geezer who looked like a Desert Rat – probably an old miner that never left the desert.

"Hi, you the owner of this place?"

"Do you see anyone else around?"

"Guess not, by the way, my name's Mike."

"You can call me Joe – I'm the owner of this joint...What can I do for you?"

"I'd like some gas if you've got it, and maybe some water to refill my Jerry Cans."

"Sure, got plenty of both, truck just delivered gas and diesel before this entire BS started."

"I take it you don't approve of what's going on – have you heard any news lately?"

"Just what I get on my old shortwave, but it doesn't get SSB."

Mike filled Joe in on what he'd heard lately on the SSB.

Joe said, "I've got plenty of gas, but seeing as how the gov't is all mixed up, I really shouldn't take FRN's for gas. You got any pre-65 Silver on you?"

Mike said, "No, but I do have a spare Shortwave receiver with SSB if you're interested." "How Many gallons of gas you need?"

Mike thought about this for a minute, and was glad his Jeep was towing the gas trailer. He had 10 empty 5 gallon Jerry cans that need filling and 5 Water cans. Mike told Joe, "Guess I'll need about 60 gallons to fill my tank and Jerry cans, and can I get about 25 gallons of water too."

Joe blurted out "Mister, you got a deal!" Joe reached behind the counter and turned on the pump. Mike went out, pulled out the spare Shortwave and gave it to Joe, who turned it on and fiddled with the dials. Mike handed him the owner's manual and told him there was a fresh set of batteries in there, then proceeded to fill up the gas cans and the tank of his Jeep with the 60 gallons Joe traded him for. Mike reached into the Jeep and broke squelch twice, the "All Clear" code. Steve drove up in his Hummer pulling the travel trailer, and pulled across from Mike without saying a word. He asked the proprietor how much he'd want for 50 gallons of diesel. Joe told him he'd sell 50 gallons for 10 pre-65 Silver Dollars (about 10 oz of Silver) Steve went into the cab, and came back with 10 silver dollars. Mike hung up the pump and asked Joe where the water is - Joe told him the hose was around the corner, and it came out of a real deep well. While Steve was filling his tank, Mike filled the water cans in the trailer. When they finished, the rest of the team pulled up one by one as the previous one left so as not to give the impression they were traveling together. A couple miles down the road, the team regrouped after having filled up all their tanks, and buying some food and other miscellaneous stuff. Mike looked at the map, and spotted a State Park about 50 miles down

the road – now he realized why the gas station was there. They would overnight in the State Park, and take off at dawn continuing North.

### July 13, 2005b

After consulting the map, Steve and Mike decided the best route was 95 North through Needles and Blythe, then on past the Nellis Bombing Range, and following back roads to Tonopah and Austin. Since all the vehicles and the spare gas cans were full, they didn't need to stop for anything until they were to Austin, NV. They hit the road and started driving in a loose convoy with Mike leading the way in his Hummer. Mike got some funny looks from the Auto Body place when he asked them to paint it desert tan, seeing as most of the Yuppies that buy them want black or red. They drove through the day without incident until they reached Needles. When they reached Needles, the town appeared deserted except for some sheriff vehicles cruising around. Since they were passing through and didn't look like troublemakers, the Sheriff waved them through. Steve was bringing up the rear, driving his Jeep, and stopped to talk to the Sheriff. He found out that most of the population bugged out as soon as the balloon went up, heading Northeast. The Sheriff was telling Steve that all the businesses were closed, and that he was just staying there to prevent looting. Steve handed the sheriff a bottle of water, and wished him luck, then drove to catch up with the convoy. Once clear of the town, Steve got on the radio to tell the team what the sheriff told him. After a while, they made it to the Nevada Border, and noticed the crossing station is abandoned – much to their relief...Mike doubted if he could explain the AR-15 sitting next to him in the cab. As they reached Beatty later that afternoon, they noticed more and more people out and about – it seemed like everything was normal on this side of the border. Mike pulled over at the next rest stop for everyone to get out and stretch. There was no one around for miles, so they opted for a simple laager formation with sidearms only. After a few minutes, Mike reached into the back of his Hummer, and pulled out some spray cans of OD green paint, and a can of black paint, and then proceeded to paint a desert cammo pattern on his Hummer, making it look just like a military Hummer.

Steve had a goofy look on his face, so Mike explained “We're going past Nellis, and I figured if we looked like a Military Convoy, they might just leave us alone.”

Steve started laughing, and then he remembered the Red Cross magnetic signs he had, and put them on the doors and roof of his Jeep. He took a couple of spare signs, and put them on the other vehicles, so they look like a Red Cross Convoy.

Mike said, “Just make sure to take those off before we reach Tonopah, or they might cause problems.”

With that, Steve gave the team the hand sign to mount up, and they got the convoy moving again. It was just about twilight as they reached the Western edge of the Nellis bombing range, and the masquerade worked. They were passed by several military vehicles, but no one stopped them, or looked twice. Later that evening, they stopped at a rest stop just North of the Bombing range, and Steve took off the magnetic signs. They rolled on into Tonopah, and stopped at an all-night gas station that has its lights on. While the price was a little high, they were accepting credit cards, so they filled up all the vehicles, and all the spare cans they had. As soon as their vehicles were full, they headed out again, not wanting to stay too long in any town, even in Nevada.

### **July 15, 2005 – Incoming!**

As they were driving toward Austin, Mike spotted a C-130 orbiting above them, and setting up to land. Mike thought, “There aren’t any airports around here?” then he realized that the C-130 was going to land on the road ahead of them! Mike pumped the brakes, broke squelch and ordered everyone off the road. The C-130 screamed over them at treetop level, and then banked to line up with the road. Mike grabbed his AR-15, when Bob ran up to him. “Don’t shoot, I think my Dad sent these guys, it’s just like him to make a dramatic entrance!” Mike kept his AR-15 at low ready anyway. Meanwhile, the C-130 was on final and lined up with the roadway about 5 miles ahead of them. Then the plane touched down rather roughly, bounced, and then settled down. The pilots taxied the plane to within 100 yds of them, then stopped and lowered the rear cargo hatch. Before anyone had a chance to get off the plane, Mike assumed a cover position over the hood of his Hummer. Then, a middle-aged man with a long blond pony tail and dark sunglasses stepped off the air stairs and waved at Mike. “I don’t Flipping believe this – I thought you were DEAD!”

John reached his friend and gave him a bear hug, “Glad to see you too! As you can see, the reports of my demise were a bit premature!”

“John, why didn’t you tell me you were alive all these years?”

“Mike – you know how it is...certain people were safer if I remained dead! So how do you like it?”

“What – the plane?”

“No, wait to you see the toys I got courtesy of Uncle Sam – I work as an Independent Security Consultant for our old employers, and they let me play with their toys! If you wait a minute, I’ve got something you’re going to LOVE!” John spoke into his radio, and soon a whopping sound was heard approaching. Minutes later, a fully-armed Huey Super Cobra buzzed them

“John, WTF? How did you manage to get your hands on a Fully Armed Super Cobra? I mean it’s got rockets and shit all over it! And if I’m not mistaken, that’s a GE Minigun sticking out of the nose!”

“Mike – you play with the big boys, you get to play with the big toys!” We’d have been here hours ago, but JW wanted me to bring our own private armed bird dog!”

“So all this is JW’s doing? Bob never mentioned he was a bazillionaire!”

John spoke into his radio, and the two Hummers drove out the back of the C-130, then the C-130 turned around and revved up its engines. After it got ¼ mile away, the pilot pushed the throttles all the way forward, and took off. Mike walked back to his Hummer, and got on the radio, and told the rest of the group to come forward for a quick sitrep.

### **July 15, 2005 – Hit the Road, Jack!**

As the group gathered around Mike’s Hummer, Mike looked up and saw the Hummers John brought with him had Ma Deuces! As the group gathered, they all notice the Hummers, and Steve looked at Mike, who shook his head, and pointed to John.

Steve turned to John, “What’s the deal with the armed Hummers?”

“Wouldn’t be much use without being armed, now would they?”

Steve turned to Mike, who was now busy poring over their maps as twilight approached. As the group huddled up against the wind, Mike asked John what his plans were.

“Mike, both our Hummers have a full tank of Diesel, it’s a little over 200 miles to where we are going, and the chopper just tanked off the C-130 before the C-130 dropped off the Hummers. Both the Hummers are equipped with NVG’s, the Super Snake has a FLIR. We’re



better off doing this at night, since when the desert sand cools off, anything living, or any vehicle is going to be hotter than the background, even if they are under cover! I'm suggesting we drive through the night with my Hummers covering the front door and the back door, with the Super Snake scouting ahead."

Mike turned to the rest of the group, and while they look tired, the prospect of being in a secure location in 3-4 hours vs. overnighting in the desert made his decision for him.

"OK, listen up – Bob's Dad has not only graciously agreed to put us up at his ranch, but he sent the Calvary to give us an escort. With the Super Snake scouting ahead, and the Hummers watching our front and back door, I think the safest thing to do is to drive through the night to the Ranch, and sleep when we get there in about 3-4 hours instead of sitting out here!" The rest of the group was nodding vigorously, and with that, Mike told them to saddle up!

Mike handed John 3 spare FRS radios, one for each vehicle and the chopper. John spoke into his radio, and the Super Snake touched down about 100 feet away in a cloud of dust. Mike and John ran out to the chopper, and John handed the gunner the FRS radio. Mike took a closer look at the chopper, and noticed something is different about this bird.

"John – that is the strangest looking Cobra I've ever seen!"

"Mike – it's a prototype that Bell was working on for the new Super Cobra for the US Marines. It costs 1/3 of the Apache, and is over 80% as capable as the Apache!"

"What's the deal with the gun – Most of the Apaches I've seen have a 3-barrel Chain Gun – that looks like a GE Minigun!"

"Like I said, it's a prototype – some engineer thought a .308 Minigun would be better for antipersonnel than the chain gun. The ammo costs pennies per round instead of over a dollar, and the rate of fire is unbelievable! Besides, we've got TOWs and Hellfires for tanks and stuff, so the chain gun is overkill."

"What's the deal with the sensor head up front, I've never seen one like this?"

"That's a brand-new system that allows the Gunner and Pilot to have independent FLIR and daylight video capabilities. Both the Gunner and Pilot wear Apache style helmets with the fully-integrated display and helmet sighting system. Want to see something really cool – check out the weapons mounts on the stub wings!"

"What the... Stingers?"

"Cool – now we can go air to air as well!"

"John, I don't think we are going to have to worry about anything with you guys watching out for us! Just to be on the safe side, since we're hauling trailers, let's keep the road speed to 60 until we hit the dirt roads, then we might need to slow down."

"OK by me – I'll be in the front Hummer if you need me!"

Mike gave John a quick bear hug and ran back to his vehicle, where the rest of the group already had their engines running. As soon as the chopper lifted off, John's Hummer turned and headed North. Mike and the rest of the group followed about a mile behind, then the other Hummer pulled into the Tail End Charlie and brought up the rear. Quickly they accelerated to 60mph, then those with Cruise Control set their controls, and sat back to enjoy the ride!

### **July 15, 2005 – Into the Sunset**

As our intrepid Patriots rode off into the sunset (well almost, they're heading North!) the Pilot and Gunner of the Super Cobra kept an eagle eye out for trouble.

As the group approached the intersection of SR 376N and US 50W, the Cobra Pilot yelled over the radio "Contact...Roadblock on Intersection!!"

John came up on the radio "Friendly or Unfriendly?"

Don, the Cobra Pilot said "Definitely Un-Friendly – Looks like a bunch of Mutant Zombie Bikers with AK's and one guy even looks like he has an RPG!"

John called back, "Well – what are you waiting for, an invitation?"

With that, smoke trails were seen from the chopper to the improvised roadblock.

A pair of Zuni 5-inch rockets streaked off the stub wings of the Super Snake, impacting the center of the roadblock with spectacular results, including massive secondaries as the gas tanker exploded in a huge fireball.

"OOoops, I guess I didn't need that second Zuni!"

As they drove up to the smoking shredded wreckage of the improvised roadblock, John marveled at the damage done, then smelled a familiar smell "It seem these MZB's forgot to drain that gas tanker before they used it in the roadblock...Dang, Nothing like the smell of Napalm in the evening!"

As they drove on through, Mike noticed that nothing bigger than a silver dollar was left of the MZB's or their vehicles! Luckily, most of the kids were asleep by now, and weren't disturbed by the images. The Cobra pilot radioed John that all was clear between the intersection and Austin, so they proceeded with haste down US 50 to Austin, NV. When they got into Austin, they turned right and headed north on State Route 305 to Battle Mountain.

### July 15, 2005 – Homecoming

The rest of the trip was uneventful, and they arrived dog-tired and low on gas at the Hanging Widow Ranch around midnight. JW must have been expecting them, since all the lights were on, and the dogs were on leashes.

As they pulled up to the main compound, Bob got out of his vehicle, and one of the Rottweilers got loose, and took off running right at Bob. Bob's eyes lit up in recognition right as the dog jumped up, put his paws on Bob's shoulders, and proceeded to flatten him and lick him to death! they rolled over and wrestled for a minute, finally Bob disentangled himself from the dog, dusted himself off, and said, "Long time no see Barney!"

Barney was sitting here slobbering away and panting like he just ran a marathon. If his tail wasn't docked, he would be raising a cloud of dust by now. Barney was overjoyed to see his master.

JW walked down from the porch, "Well I see Y'All been properly greeted by Barney. Hi-my name is JW. "

Mike walked over to JW, and shook his hand saying, "I don't know how to thank you for all you've done for us, and for offering to put us up for the emergency."

"Well – I figured it was the least I could do, and it doesn't hurt to have more trained people here to help make things secure."

Bob and Barney finally settle down enough for JW to walk over a give Bob a big hug. "Son, I missed you like crazy, glad you and the rest of your family are OK! I haven't heard from your other brothers and sisters yet, but I figured I wouldn't until Hell froze over, and even then, they'd probably want to call collect!"

"Dad, I'm glad I'm here – we just barely made it out by the skin of our teeth. If not for Steve and Mike, we'd probably be still trapped in the war zone."

With that, JW asked them all to come into the main building. As they walked through the foyer, they saw a main salon that was bigger than some houses. About 40 chairs were laid out in a semi-circle around a large scale map of the HWR and a large erasable marker board with a bunch of figures on it.

“Please take a seat – this will only take a minute. I need to give you the lay of the land, and then we need to work out housing arrangements. This is a large-scale map of the ranch, showing all the deeded property and all the BLM allotments we currently have. We’re only responsible for security on the deeded land, and can only protect our herds and the grass from fire. That means we really can’t do anything to someone trespassing on BLM land unless they threaten the herd. All the deeded property is electrically fenced, and posted, so trespassers can be detained, and if a lethal threat, will be shot. Including the main house, we have 5 houses in the compound. We can double up comfortably in each of the other 4 houses, and Bob and his family will move in with us if that’s OK by them. OK, Mike and Steve, your families can stay in House #1, George and Hal, your families are in #2. I’d like to keep the other houses open for now because I’m expecting to get some collect calls when things get worse in the PRC. OK, let’s hit the sack!”

With that, Mike and Steve parked their vehicles in front of House #1 and started unloading boxes. Each of the houses was huge, almost 4K square feet, with 2 floors and a full basement. There were 3 bathrooms, 4 bedrooms including a huge master suite, and a full kitchen on each floor. Mike decided to take the upper floor since his kids were older and not as likely to be running around making noise.

When they were finished, JW said he had 1 last surprise for them, then it’s lights out.

He flipped a panel on the wall disguised as a thermostat, inserted a key and turned it, and a hidden freight elevator door opened. Mike, Steve, and JW all stepped into it, the doors closed, then opened second later in a huge basement. One of the first things they noticed was the building was way overbuilt, with concrete walls, steel girder posts, and steel main support beams. After about 6 feet, JW pressed his hand on a pad, and a door clicked open, revealing an airlock inside. The door closed after them, almost sounding like a bank vault. Suddenly they felt the pressure in their ears increase slightly, then a green light came on overhead, and the opposite door opened into what appeared to be a bomb shelter and armory. Along 1 wall was enough canned and dried foodstuffs to last a family of 4 5 years, along another wall was another door that looked like a bank vault door. JW told them that there were at least 10 M-16s with M -203 grenade launchers in there, and cases of ammo. The entire room was filled with guns, ammo, and reloading gear. After JW gave them the guided tour, Mike asked – “Why are you showing us all this?”

“Well, I’d really like you guys to stay on, at least for the duration of the emergency. Your families will be safe here, we’ve got plenty of food, water, medicines, and all the other stuff we’d need – we’re self-sufficient for several years. But I am short on help, even with all the stuff I have, I need experienced men who know how to handle themselves to actually defend the ranch. I’d rather not use a bunch of mercenaries, and Bob seems to trust you guys, and he’s a pretty good judge of character. I’ve got money to burn, and I’ll help you guys get re-established after the emergency if anything happens to your property while you’re away.”

Mike turned to Steve, and then spoke to JW, “We’d like to talk it over, and then sleep on it, would around noon tomorrow be OK?”

JW looked kind of disappointed, and muttered “OK”.

After JW left, Mike told Steve, “I’m seriously considering staying. I’m too old to get involved in another guerilla war, and now I have a family to think of, and this place looks even more secure than our retreat, and JW seems to have everything we need.”

Steve agreed, saying “Yeah, me too...I just didn’t want to seem too eager – maybe we should walk on over and apologize to JW, he seemed disappointed, and I think he’s a good guy but a little paranoid.”

“Well, Steve – Paranoid is a good thing to be right now...Paranoid is careful, as long as he doesn't get delusional. Let's go talk to JW.”

Steve and Mike walked over to JW's house, and knocked on the door. JW answered it, “What, back so soon?”

“Steve and I thought we should come over and apologize for being rude to you, you've been nice enough to put us up, and all you ask in return is that we help secure the ranch.”

“Lucky for you guys I've mellowed in my old age... Tell you what – I don't think you guys should work for free. If you want to stay here and help out, I'll pay you \$400 per week after this thing blows over, and cover your room and board – or if God forbid your houses are damaged in the fighting and the Insurance company welches out on paying out, I'll rebuild your houses for you, or pay the equivalent in cash if you decide to relocate. By the way, are you guys religious?”

Mike and Steve looked at each other, and Mike answered for both of them. “Yes we are, but we don't really belong to any church.”

“OK, in that case, here's the ground rules while you're here. No Smoking, drinking, profanity, fornication, or dancing. We're Southern Baptist, and I have a Sunday service in the main house at 10 am. You're free to attend or not.”

“JW, I don't think we'll have any problems with that, no one on our teams smokes or drinks, and we're all married. I'll try to watch the language.”

While they were talking, John walked up and JW shook his hand, “Everything OK?”

“I've got the guys bedded down in the bunk house, with the Hummers parked in front. How are we fixed for Diesel and Stores?”

JW laughed, “Funny you should mention that, the trucks were here just last week. When this stuff just started I placed an order to top off the diesel and propane tanks, so we're good on propane for the next year, and at least 3-6 months of Diesel.”

“JW, is there anything else you need?”

“Well, I was just talking to Steve and Mike, and they've agreed to stay on for the duration. Our contract calls for a 90- day deployment, and I could use the extra help.”

“Speaking of which, I have a C-130 arriving bright and early with some toys I think you can use around here, and a couple of more bodies and some misc. supplies we're going to need.”

JW's eyes got as big as a kid's thinking about Christmas, “I'll be waiting!” and with that they all said goodnight and headed back to their houses.

### **July 16, 2005 – Eye in the Sky**

At 0800 the Hanging Widow Ranch awoke to the roar of a C-130 on approach to their private runway. JW got in his vehicle, and drove out to the runway, where John was waiting with the rest of his team for the C-130 to land.

As JW walked to the runway, the C-130 touched down, then reversed its props – executing a perfect rough field landing. It stopped right in front of them, lowered the rear ramp and shut down the engines. As they walked toward the ramp, John was organizing the unloading of the plane, since it needed to get back to its airbase ASAP. One of the plane's crew started up a small forklift and started off-loading pallets of bullets and beans – enough to last at least 90 days. As they were unloading, 2 men got off the plane and headed to John. John introduced them to JW as the technician the DOD sent to run the equipment they just got. After the supplies were off-loaded, there were 4 funny looking objects left in the cargo hold. The forklift picked them up using a sling, and gently set them down on the runway. Then

a final package was carefully deposited on the runway. When the plane was unloaded, a larger forklift from the ranch picked up the pallets and deposited them in the various storage facilities. The 4 objects and the package were moved off the runway so the plane could turn around and leave. Once the runway was clear, the C-130 turned around, revved up its engines, and took off.

Once the dust had settled, John motioned JW over to the 4 objects that were wrapped in dark plastic. John carefully unwrapped one of them, and JW asked him what it was.

John laughed and said, "I'd tell you, but I'd have to kill you."

"Real Funny John...What exactly IS that contraption?"

"It's called a UAV, a new prototype we're testing for a defense contractor. They call it Casper."

"Casper? – well that's a funny name for a plane."

"I'll explain later, let's get back in the house – we're going to need a room to set up the gear."

2 of the guys picked up the box, and set it in the Humvee. They drove it up to JW's house, and unloaded the box into a spare downstairs bedroom. JW and John sat on chairs, and John opened the box, took out a laptop computer, a power supply, a microwave transceiver, and a ton of manuals. John picked up a thin manual, and handed it to JW. "This book tells you what CASPER can do. If you're really interested – you'll need to read it." JW opened the manual, and started reading the cover sheet.

Title Page – Project CASPER Northrop Aircraft Company

UAV prototype – Project Name: CASPER

Miniature Flying Wing design based on Jack Northrop's work and B-2 design.

Wingspan: 15 feet Length: 6 feet

Propulsion: Ducted Fan engine

Stealth Features: Terrain- adaptive skin that changes to match terrain below and sky conditions above. Reverts to non-reflective black at night. Made entirely of composites and RAM for zero radar signature. Thermal signature is minimal due to propulsion unit location inside body surrounded by RAM and heat diffusing material. Extensive testing at Nellis AFB confirms almost total invisibility since chase plane almost had a mid-air with CASPER even with radar transponder turned ON. CASPER has no detectable emissions due to directional antenna on Encrypted Satellite Data link..

Surveillance Capability: Day/Night Color video, Thermal. Classified Image Enhancement technology. Encrypted satellite data link for video and to control pan/tilt, zoom, manual steering, GPS input.

Navigation System: Fully Autonomous with Enhanced GPS and Manual Override.

CASPER has no active self-defense or offensive weapons at this time.

CASPER system is protected by CLASSIFIED explosive self-destruct system and a one-time pad system.

CASPER consists of: CASPER drone, CASPER Satellite transceiver, and custom laptop computer with steering/pan & tilt joystick, Data Transfer Unit.

Physical Layout: Propulsion unit is mounted in body of flying wing, and Air Inlet Duct is on top, situated to take advantage of boundary layer air traveling over flying wing. Main surveillance cameras located in belly with additional pilot view camera in nose with vertical pan and zoom control.

Mission Stamina: CASPER can remain aloft up to 12 hours depending on speed settings and weather. CASPER is All Weather certified, but not recommended for use in violent weather due to fragile electronics.

As JW finished reading, his eyes got as big as saucers. “You didn’t tell me this thing BLOWS UP!”

John laughed, “Well we don’t want the Iraqis or the Saudis to suddenly develop UAV technology. Besides, it’s only dangerous if you try to start it up without the DTU installed. As long as the engine is off, and you don’t try to open it, you’re safe. Besides, the blast radius is only 30 ft, so we’ll keep it 60 ft away from the houses.”

“You know John, this thing sounds like Big Brother, and I don’t like people spying on me!”

“That’s good, because the Military would rather use it to count artillery tubes or tank turrets.”

“Yeah, but what about the CIA, NSA, etc?”

“We’ll deal with them later!” <major laughter>

“John, I’m serious – All my life, people have spied and investigated me, and now you’re helping them develop technology to make their job easier!”

“JW, I don’t now how to tell you this, but your odds of getting spied on by a UAV or a satellite are about the same as Rush Limbaugh getting elected Mayor of NYC! The NSA and CIA have far more important things to worry about. Your main threat, as I’ve explained before is wiretaps and good old fashioned spy stuff. This overhead stuff is expensive and very limited in scope. Your communications are secure, and no one is taking pictures of your ranch that I know of.”

“OK, if you say so... but it still makes me nervous!”

“If you think you’re nervous now, just wait till we get on flying later – I’ll show you stuff that you won’t believe!”

With that, JW left John and the tech alone to assemble the control gear. A couple of hours later, JW heard a roar from the runway, which quickly turned to a whine. He ran out to the runway just as the UAV rolled down the runway and took off.

JW walked up to John, “I really wanted to see this thing start and take off. I almost missed it!

“Sorry JW, we wanted to keep everyone back at least 60 ft just in case something went wrong.”

“OK, but I’d still like to see the whole process some time.”

Once they launched Casper, Jim (the DOD operator) sent it out to the perimeter of the HWR to check the boundaries for trespassers. At 10 thousand feet AGL, the camera’s images were so clear that JW commented that you could tell what sex the cattle were. This kind of technology really bothered JW, but he said nothing further, since they were using it to protect him and his family. With nothing more to see, John and JW left the operator alone to scan the rest of the perimeter.

Around 3pm that afternoon, JW walked into the room to check on the operator, when he entered the room, the operator was staring mesmerized at the screen, and didn’t hear JW entering. As JW walked up behind the operator, he got a good look at what the operator was so entranced with – Someone’s 13-yr old daughter bathing naked in one of his remote stock tanks! Enraged at the little pervert, JW wrapped his arm around his throat and dragged him bodily out of the seat, and kept pulling until he got him out in the compound, where JW gave

him what they call an Old-fashioned Ass Whooping. Hearing the commotion, John ran over and pulled JW off of the operator before he killed him.

“John, I want that SOB out of here right now!”

“JW, calm down – what happened?”

“I caught this little pervert watching someone’s little girl bathing nude in my stock tank! You should have let me kill the little damn pervert!”

“JW, can’t do that – he’s DOD, and they’d ask too many questions.”

John grabbed Jim by his collar and screamed into his face, “You sick little worm! Your CO said you were trouble, but I didn’t think you’d do something THAT stupid! Consider yourself under arrest and confined to quarters!” With that, John handed Jim off to a couple of his armed mercs who dragged Jim off to the bunkhouse, and locked the door behind him.

John took JW aside, “JW – I’d like to kill him myself, I don’t know how to tell you how sorry I am!”

By now JW’s killing rage has cooled, and he’s down to seriously PO’d. “John, I know that worm wasn’t one of your men, so I’m not holding it against you. Please tell me, are any more men of questionable morals in my compound? I need to know, because my son and Mike both have young daughters.”

“JW, no Jim was the only one I had questions about, and I HAD to bring him along since he’s trained on the equipment. I’ll fly him out, and a new operator in at first light at my cost.”

### **July 16, 2005 – Breakout**

After midnight that night, Jim managed to break out of the bunkhouse by jimmying a window, and escaped into the compound. On his way out of the compound, he noticed a bedroom light on, and a female silhouette in the window. Jim remembered that Mike had a young nubile daughter, and had a wicked idea to get even with everyone. He spotted a ladder lying in the lawn where a painter left it, and carefully set it against the building next to the window. He crawled slowly up the ladder and sneaked a peak into the window, right as the bedroom light went out.

Around Midnight, Mike woke up with a start. He was fully alert and reached under the bed for his H&K. As he picked up his subgun, he heard a faint scraping sound against the wall, and carefully made his way to his daughter’s room. When he got there, he leaned up against the wall with his subgun pointed at the window.

Suddenly, the window glass broke inward, and Mike was showered with pieces of glass. Mike fired his MP-5 as a human body came through the window. The body landed with a thump on the carpet, and didn’t move. 5 seconds later, Mike heard someone behind him yelling his name. He turned and saw Steve with his Glock. Steve leapfrogged Mike and covered the body with his Glock, as Mike carried his daughter out of the room so she didn’t see the body.

A couple of minutes later, the compound lights came on, and a shadowy figure ran from JW’s house to the house Mike and Steve were living in. Meanwhile, Mike’s wife was awake, and was keeping the kids with her in the master bedroom with a loaded 12 gauge. Mike heard someone pounding on his front door, then JW’s voice saying “open up, it’s me!”

Mike opened the door and saw JW in a full Hollywood black Ninja costume carrying a very interesting looking subgun. He tried real hard not to laugh at JW as John came skidding to a stop with his assault vest and CAR-15 in front of Mike’s house. John quickly searched around Mike’s house, and then came back to tell Mike that he thought that someone was

trying to break into his daughter's window, and there was no one else moving in the compound.

John then grabbed his radio, "Alpha 6 to team, Intruder Alert - form up in front of Mike's house and prepare for extended Intruder Search!" A few seconds later, John heard over his radio that Jim was missing, and one of the bunkhouse windows was broken from the inside. John and Mike both ran back upstairs to Mike's daughter's bedroom. John rolled the corpse over, and said, "That's the SOB!" Then John grabbed his radio, "Intruder Alert is Code 10 - Subject located and terminated!"

Mike took John aside, "John - you need to talk to JW, I almost shot him this evening when he ran up to our door wearing that Halloween costume."

"Yeah, Mike - I think JW is just this side of dangerously paranoid, but I try to keep him in touch with reality - He's pretty harmless, but is SURE that every gov't agency in the world is spying on him."

"OK, John - you deal with it!"

Mike and John both walk to the downstairs living room where JW is waiting still dressed in his Ninja garb. John motioned JW over to a comfortable chair, and the three of them sit down.

"JW, we need to talk - but first, please take off that Ninja costume before I bust a gut."

"John, dang it...I don't see what's so funny."

"Ninja's never wore stuff like that Halloween costume you're wearing. They'd rather blend in with the other people in the area, and would often steal a uniform of the opposition before going in on an assignment. Those all-black uniforms are Kabuki theater stage assistant uniforms. Hollywood thought they looked cool, and made separating the "Ninja" from the rest of the Bmovie actors easier."

JW starts taking off costume, and realizes he's not dressed underneath - then just takes off hood>

"OK, how's that."

Then John spotted JW's subgun. "JW - what is that gun there?"

"It's a suppressed F/A Thompson with a Choate collapsible stock and foregrip. I sent some pre-1968 Thompson receivers to Ares, who installed a new barrel and their integral subgun suppressor, and mounted the whole kit and caboodle into an aluminum-bedded Choate custom stock. I ordered enough for them to make a small production run, and they sold some to the military, so they gave me a break on the price. It's as quiet as your MP-5SD, but shoots .45acp, and cost 1/3 what you paid for your sub gun."

"JW, OK if I hold it?"

"Sure, here you go, chamber's empty, and safety's on."

Mike picked up the Thompson, dropped the mag, cycled the action to make sure the chamber was empty, then he carefully stood up, pointed gun in a safe direction, and shouldered the gun.

"JW, I'm impressed! It's lighter than my MP-5, it's well balanced, and I prefer the .45 to my 9mm." "Well Mike, it just so happens I have a case full of them. Want to trade for your MP-5?"

"Sorry JW, but it's my wife's gun, maybe we can arrange something else"

"OK, how about I give you this gun instead of paying you. I'll still rebuild your house or set you up with a new one if your house is destroyed when you get back. Of course I'll throw in 6 30 rd stick mags and 2 100-rd drums."

"JW, You've got yourself a deal!"



“OK, come over to the house tomorrow to pick it up, I’ve got something else to show you.”

John interrupted, “JW – we need to work on security arrangements for the compound first thing tomorrow.”

“OK, I’ll see you both at 0900 tomorrow morning in the den.”

With that JW, Mike and John shook hands, and JW and John both left.

Mike walked upstairs to find his wife crying on the bed.

“Debbie, what’s wrong?”

“All those years of you running off to God knows where, and not knowing when or if you’d ever get home, and now our oldest daughter almost gets killed in her bed!”

Mike held his wife for a while until the tears stopped, then looked into her eyes said, “Maybe all those years were worth something after all – Everyone else, including John’s people in the compound, slept right through it, but my training helped me to recognize the unusual noise and wake up instantly. Then instead of freaking out, I ran to Susie’s bedroom just as the SOB was breaking in. I shudder to think what would have happened if I’d been just a few seconds slower!”

Debbie started crying all over again as Mike held her, and thanked God that nothing happened to his daughter. He thought about the day she was born, and how she looked as the nurse handed her to him. Then he held his wife closer, and gently started crying himself. They fell asleep holding each other.

### **July 17, 2005 – Aftermath**

The next morning Debbie was making breakfast when Susie came in and gave her dad a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. “Dad, thanks for saving my life – I should have told you about Jim, but I thought I was just paranoid!”

Mike was Wide Awake and asked Susie, “What do you mean?”

“When they first arrived, we were playing in the wading pool with Steve’s kids, and Jim was walking by just staring at me, he was practically drooling. He gave me the creeps. I wasn’t too worried, since some of the boys at school act like that too!”

“Susie, the next time anyone more than a couple of years older than you gives you the ‘creeps’ please let me know! Also I think it’s about we had “The Talk”!”

“Oh, Dad...You’re so old fashioned, we know all about that.”

“No dear, I mean MY version of “The Talk”!” Mike grabbed a folder from his “important papers” file, and ran back to the table.

“Here Honey, read this.”

Susie looked at the title: APPLICATION FOR DATING MY DAUGHTER”

By the time she got to item 3 she was laughing out loud “Daddy, that’s too funny!”

Mike turned to Debbie and said, “Wait till she figures I’m not kidding.”

### **July 17, 2005 – 0900 – JW’s House**

Mike and John arrived promptly at 0900, and knocked on JW’s door. JW opened the door, and showed them into the Salon where he already had the white erasable board and map stand up.

JW shook hands with Mike and John then asked them to sit on the couch, and he sat on the easy chair opposite them. JW decided to get the ball rolling, “OK John, I need your expertise and advice to set up security here – I now see what we had was inadequate, especially after last night.”

“JW, I’ve got a couple ideas, and I hate to bring this up, but both are going to require some extra men, beyond what our contract calls for.”

“John, money has never been an issue, but TRUST is! I need you to bring in some reliable people, and I’ll pay whatever you think is right!” JW, the people I have with me now have served with me before on the Teams, and Mike can also vouch for some of them. I have a few more people in mind that are retired SEALs, and a few Recon Marines. This would add 6 more people at our usual rate for a 90-day minimum. THIS time I’m also bringing in MY UAV expert, who is 100% reliable – he’s my kid brother.”

Mike’s jaw almost dropped to the floor, and his eyes seemed to pop out on stalks.

“John, WTF? You told me Dan was DEAD!”

“Sorry to have misled you for all these years, but since he was declared dead, the Pentagon thought it would be better for him to stay dead for various reasons.”

“OK, John – I can’t wait to see him!”

“John, Mike – now that the reunion is over, we need to talk about how to defend this compound just in case.”

“OK, JW...keep your shirt on. 9 of my guys plus 6 of Mike’s is 15 armed and trained men total to cover a couple hundred square miles. First thing is we shouldn’t actually patrol outside your fence, but rely on the UAV’s to give us some advance warning. It would be too dangerous to have a 2-man patrol that far away from help – even if they ARE Seals. Next, we need to evaluate the threats. I haven’t seen any armor since we left California. I don’t think the NG units are going to be a problem. So, we are looking at looters, brigands, gangs and basic Scum of the Earth. Against that, we have 2 BMG-50 armed Hummers, and whatever assault weapons and long-range rifles we can carry. I’m halfway tempted to ship a case of LAWS rockets along with the next group since that will take care of any vehicles the bad guys come up with. That works out to 4 rockets per 2-man team with 6 teams total. We should have 1 team working on one side of the property, and another working the other, in 8-hr shifts so that the entire property line is swept once every 24 hours. We have 3 UAV’s so we can have 2 up at any one time. They can stay up 12 hours at a time, and can cover a lot of territory. With a 5-mile operational radius, they can cover the entire area at least once a day. If we narrow the search area to probable avenues of approach, we can view the probable avenues or approach several times a day, or keep any areas of interest under almost continuous surveillance.”

“John – do we need Claymores or anything like that?”

“JW, I don’t think so. I don’t think we’re going to get invaded any time soon. I’m pretty sure any opposition is going to be lightly armed and not very well trained.”

At this point Mike interrupted, “John – I don’t think we should take a chance underestimating the training and tactics of any potential adversary – there are a lot of highly trained dirtbags out there, we’ve both made our share of enemies from the guys we kicked out of the Teams.”

“Mike, I agree – maybe we should re-think that position. How about each Hummer team is equipped with a MacMillan semiauto BMG-50 Sniper rifle, 4 LAWS rockets, NVG’s, and a bunch of detection gear.”

“Sounds good to me. JW, you said you had something to show me?”

“Almost forgot, Mike you can come along too – I think you’ll get a real kick out of this.” With that, JW got up from his chair, went to the wall, and slid a portrait to one side, exposing a keypad that JW quickly typed a code into, then slid the portrait back into place. As the portrait slid back into place, a hidden panel slid open, revealing what appeared to be an

ordinary elevator door. JW walked through door, and motioned Mike and John to follow him. As the doors closed, Mike noticed the doors sounded very heavy and positive as they closed, almost like a bank vault sounds. A few seconds later, the floor dropped rapidly away, and soon they were at least 50 feet below ground level. As the elevator reached the underground floor, the doors opened to a small foyer with another numeric keypad and a retinal scanner. John and Mike exchanged a look, as JW entered the code and leaned forward to scan his retina. Seconds later, the heavy door opened into a small corridor with another heavy door at the end. This time, Mike knew what to expect, and equalized the pressure in his ears as the air pressure gradually increased. Once the air pressure stabilized, the far door opened, and Mike and John looked on in amazement as they viewed a huge underground bunker at least twice as big as JW's house above. It looked like a set from a Sci Fi Movie. The room was easily 100 ft wide and long. Against the near wall, there was another keypad that JW motioned them over to. When he punched in another code, the door swung open and they saw racks of all kinds of weapons including some very exotic and highly illegal weapons including hand grenades, 40mm grenades, Rocket propelled grenades, claymores, mines, and a whole bunch of full-auto weapons including several 50 and 30 caliber machine guns. JW walked over to a rack and picked up a waterproof Pelican case. He set it on a table, opened it up, and took out one of his custom Tommy Guns with a bunch of 30rd stick mags, and several drum mags set into cut-outs in the foam of the case. He handed the Tommy Gun and case to Mike, saying, "Here's that Tommy Gun I promised you."

Mike looked over the gun, and his eyes lit up. JW reached over to another table, and handed Mike a case of Corbon 45 cal 200gr Flying Ashcan JHPs.

"JW, I don't know how to thank you. This is a great gun, and I'll always cherish it!"

"Mike, why don't you take it out to the range and shoot it this afternoon – Bob can show you where it is. I think John and I need to pay a visit to the family that is camped out by my stock tank."

Later that afternoon, JW and John pulled up to the area where the people were camping out by his water tank. John drove the Hummer into an overwatch position to the area the family was staying, and told JW to stay in the Hummer until he called for him on the radio – he wanted to make sure the area was safe. JW reluctantly agreed.

John made his way carefully down the hill, crawling from bush to bush. He smelled a cooking fire, and adjusted his line of advance toward the smells. He found and disarmed several primitive detection devices like tin cans with a rock in them, and mousetraps. Finally, he came to the edge of the clearing, and spent several minutes observing the family, noting that they never were more than an arm's length from a weapon, and that someone was always facing away from the fire to keep an eye out. Just as he was going to announce himself, JW came staggering and stumbling right up the obvious trail, tripped a bunch of trip-wires, making all kinds of racket, and fell flat on his face. John struggled to suppress a laugh, and decided to stay in the background and see how the family reacted. As soon as JW made the first noise by hitting the line of cans, the family's father grabbed an SKS, pushed the daughter toward Mother, who was pulling a ParaOrd P-14 Limited out of her holster to cover her husband and protect their daughter. Father went prone, but kept his finger off the trigger. JW struggled to his feet, and the Father yelled, "Hands UP!" JW slowly moved his hands upward while face turned beet red.

"You're making a big mistake! This is My ranch..! And You are trespassing!"

"How do I know that you're telling the truth and not just some Yahoo out to rob us?"

At this point John spoke up from behind a bush, “Do you think a real dirtbag would bust in here like the Keystone Cops?”

“Who said that?”

“How about the guy who has you in his crosshairs right now. I’d highly advise you pointing that rifle in a safe direction so we can explain ourselves.”

The Father slowly swung the muzzle of the SKS away from JW, and John stood up and walked into camp. “Hi, my name’s John, and this guy really does own the Hanging Widow Ranch over yonder. You’re actually on their BLM allotment, but they do have the right to control who comes onto it in order to protect the herd. Right now, they aren’t using this allotment since the cattle have grazed it to the point that it needs to recover, so they moved the herd.”

JW slowly lowered his arms, and then stuck his right hand out to shake the guy’s hand. “Hi, I’m JW and I own the Hanging Widow Ranch about 5 miles from here. I just wanted to know what you were doing out here, but by the looks of things, it looks like you’re refugees who are camping here. I don’t mind you camping here as long as you don’t damage any of my property, or hurt any of the herd. There are plenty of ground squirrels, jack rabbits, and other varmints for you to hunt and eat if you want to. Feel free to use the water, but don’t waste it, since the cattle have to drink it.”

“JW, My name is Bert – its short for Robert...My wife over there is Sam – that’s short for Samantha, My daughter’s name is Abigail. Thanks for letting us stay!”

“No problem, as long as you don’t hurt anything. Please be careful with fires, this sagebrush catches fire if you look at it funny.”

Later, after they’d shot the breeze for a while, JW took Bert aside, and apologized for the incident with the UAV and advised them to avoid bathing in the nude while they were there. Bert was OK with the bathing restriction, and took the news that they were under surveillance fairly well since they WERE on JW’s property. Before they left, John handed Bert a GMRS radio, and told him that if they needed help that the radio was already on their emergency frequency, and there was a listening watch on that frequency 7/24. Bert told Mike he didn’t know how to thank them for everything, but Mike told him not to bother, since anything bad headed for the ranch from the North had to go through them. Mike also assured Bert that if they saw anything bad headed their way, he’d advise them to Bug Out, and which way to leave to avoid contact, but not to rely on them since the UAV wasn’t overhead all the time. Bert said he’d leave the radio on, since they had plenty of batteries and a solar charger for it. With that, they shook hands, and JW and John headed back to the Hummer and left.

### **July 18, 2005 – 0900 – The Airstrip**

Just as John promised, a C-130 buzzed over the ranch, and set up to land on JW’s airstrip. The pilot must have really known how to handle the C-130 because he made another textbook rough field landing, and didn’t use more than ½ the runway. As the props stopped spinning, the rear door came down, and a couple of Hummers rolled off the ramp onto the airstrip. These were the twins of the other two, with BMG M2 machine guns mounted on the roof. Then Dan walked off the ramp. Mike had just arrived at the airstrip as the C-130 touched down, saw Dan getting off the plane, and ran over to him. Mike practically tackled Dan with his enthusiastic Bear Hug.

“Why didn’t you tell me? I spent all those years thinking I’d lost my best buddy, and the #2 Point Man in the Teams!”

“Sorry Mike – I couldn’t...Those #\$\$@#% spooks wanted me for deep-cover assignments, and they said it was better if I didn’t exist! I finally retired a few years ago, and went back to work for my brother. And FYI – I’m NOT here! I’m dead, remember!.”

“Dan, you look pretty good for a ghost!”

“Mike, I see you’ve met my brother?”

“Remind me to thank you properly when this is over, I don’t think JW would appreciate us drinking a case of Scotch. Man, I have some stories to tell that I don’t think Dan has told you yet!”

The Crew continued to unload the C-130, and transfer the pallets to the storage bunkers. John, Mike, and Dan walk over to where JW was standing, and John introduced Dan to JW. Mike turned to Dan, “Whenever you get yourself untangled from Mike, let’s get your gear stowed, and get you set up with the UAV gear, I’m sure Bob could use some relief by now.” The three of them walked over to the bunkhouse, stowed Dan’s gear, and then walked over to JW’s house.

When Dan saw the size of the house, he exclaimed, “You didn’t tell me this guy made Bill Gates look like a pauper!”

Then Mike told him it’s like an iceberg, most of it was underneath the surface. Dan whistled, which brought the dogs running. They all jumped around barking until John reached over and starts petting one of them. “Good Boy, Barney – now how about letting us in the house?” The dogs finally settled down enough for the guys to walk into JW’s house.

John showed Dan the room where the UAV gear was, and Bob was working the drone controls as they walked in. “Just give me a second the get her back on Autopilot, and I’ll be right with you.”

Bob turned around, “You must be Dan, boy am I glad to see you! Why don’t you sit here, and I’ll get us a couple of Sodas.”

“Great Idea, can you get me a Coke?”

“Regular or Diet”

“Regular...I live on the stuff.”

Bob came back in a few minutes, plopped the cold can of Coke down next to Dan on the desk, and sat in the secondary chair, relinquishing the “pilot’s chair” to Dan.

“John already told me you are an expert on this system, if you don’t mind, I’d like to sit with you for a couple more hours, and pick your brain.”

John gave Mike the “let’s go” hand signal, and they quietly walked out of the room.

As they were leaving JW’s house, they heard the C-130 taking off. They walked over to the storage facility to see what kind of toys they got. John pointed out a big green crate, and they opened the lid with a crowbar. Inside is a bunch of LAW rocket tubes, and two sets of manuals.

“John – how did you manage to get these?”

“I told you I had connections.”

“Well, I hope we NEVER need them – just the same, I’d like to get my people checked out on them – I hope you have another crate of practice rounds.”

“Right over here, they are even non-flammable practice rounds since the entire ranch is covered with sagebrush.

Mike pulled out his radio, and told the team to muster at the firing range in one hour. After they were all checked out with the LAW system, Mike and John disburse the LAWs to all 4 of the Hummers, and issue each member of the team 2 rockets to be carried when on patrol, or if they are working outside the immediate compound.

### July 19, 2005 – Attack of the MZB's

Dan checked into the control room at 0600, and brought last night's UAV in for a landing for refueling and maintenance. After the UAV landed, the crew prepped the day UAV for immediate take-off. Dan launched the UAV, and proceeded to scan the southern half of the Ranch's border. No sooner had it reached operating altitude, right after Dan turned on the camera system, he noticed a dust trail following a bunch of vehicles headed toward the ranch. Dan took manual control of the cameras after ordering a racetrack pattern in the autopilot to keep the area in view. Zooming in the cameras, he saw 3 jeeps and a Vietnamese APC with two MZB's on choppers out front. The APC appeared to be armed with a Ma Deuce, and all the MZB's appeared heavily armed. Dan grabbed the microphone, and switched to the alert frequency. "Incoming Trouble, Heavily armed BG's with an Armed APC about 20 miles South of Ranch. All teams full defensive mode, women and children to shelters! This is Not a drill!"

John came running into the room, immediately followed by Mike. Dan pointed out where they were on the map. "Mike, let's hit them at this choke point – I don't think we have time to get the chopper or anything else here in time." Mike thought about this for a minute.

"How do you want to do it – almost anything I can think of that would take out the APC would start a big fire."

"Why not use the fire to our advantage?"

"What...I don't follow you."

"I think the APC is gasoline powered, and I'm sure the jeeps and choppers are. let's get JW's permission to start a little fire in this choke point, and burn them out. We could set a couple of drums of gasoline on fire, or just shoot the gas tanks of the Jeeps with the 50 sniper rifle."

"OK, let's ask JW ...Quickly..."

JW walked in at that point, This time he isn't wearing his Ninja Costume – but the Tiger Stripe Cammies are almost as bad. John shook his head, and explained the situation to JW.

"Go ahead, that canyon has been overgrown ever since I've owned the place. A good fire will probably improve the grazing. Besides, I've been trying to get a burn permit from the BLM for years, now I have a built-in excuse – so go ahead and burn out the canyon."

Mike grabbed the microphone from Dan, switched frequencies, and advised Bert that there were some MZB's coming up from the South. Bert asked if they want any help, and Mike said "No thanks, we can handle it, just wanted to warn you. If you could keep an eye out in your sector, I'd appreciate it." Bert told Mike his family would climb the nearby hill with his spotting scope and radio to keep an eye out. Mike signed off, and told Dan to maintain a listening watch on this freq since Bert would be watching their Eastern Back Door while they are occupied taking care of the MZB's from the South. John handed Mike something that looked like it belonged in Star Trek, a long tube with a pistol grip and a large scope. John told Mike it was a Morse Code signaling device. The long tube focuses the light into a narrow beam, and it is virtually interception proof. You point the light gun at the other gun, and they read the message through the telescopic sight.

All the Hummers took off to the South with 4 men in each vehicle, and tons of ammo & supplies in the back. When they got to the edge of the hills forming the northern exit to the canyon, the Hummers split up, and two Hummers climbed each hilltop, and set up OP/Sniper posts to cover the canyon. Once they had their hides built, Mike signaled John they were ready. Mike took the BMG-50 MacMillan Sniper Rifle out of its case, loaded a mag full of AP rounds, chambered a round, then topped off the mag, and set the safety. Meanwhile, the

other men in the team were breaking out the LAWS rockets, setting up a radio detector, and spotting scopes. The last thing they did was walk 50 yds away to use the bathroom, since they might be here a while, then set the camouflage cover over the position. They didn't have as long to wait as they thought, within an hour, the spotter told Mike he was seeing the dust trail from the MZB's vehicles. One of the other guys on the team relayed that message to John using the light gun. John replied to start the ambush once they were within 500 yds and deep inside the canyon. Mike took out his Laser Range Finder, and found some prominent points on the trail that were 500 yds away, that John could easily see from his side. Mike took over the light gun, and they agreed that the IP for the ambush was when the first Jeep crossed the big granite rock that had a white cross painted on it. After that, John and Mike settled in to wait. When the Spotter told Mike the MZB's were within 800 yds, he carefully aligned himself with his sniper rifle, and sighted in on the rock. He already had the drop compensation and wind dialed into his scope, and was confident his first shot would be a hit. As the first Jeep crossed the IP, Mike and John fired simultaneously, denying the MZB's in the ambush an accurate location of the shot. Both rounds struck the gas tank of the Jeep, instantly fireballing the Jeep, and creating panic among the MZB's. Their next shot, 1 second later, took out the Jeep in the back of the convoy. The other snipers shot the MZB's on the choppers leading the pack in the head, dropping them in their tracks. That left the APC, who started shooting at shadows. Mike and John fired again, striking the APC, but not disabling it. While 500 yds was a little long for a LAWS rocket, they were firing downhill, and figured that would give it greater range. Both LAWS fired at the same time, penetrating and detonating the gas tank of the APC. The resultant fireball destroyed the APC, and vaporized the bodies of the MZB's killed by the previous explosions. The canyon then caught on fire, and JW let it burn itself out. Mike contacted Dan, and Dan told them that there were no additional targets, and to RTB.

### July 20, 2005 – The Final Day

President Hillary Clinton was in the Oval Office with Janice, a Congressional Page Hillary had spotted during her last address to Congress. It just so happened that Janice was also the daughter of the head of the Secret Service. Until now, Hillary had been careful and discrete in her perversion. The stress of everything going on must have gotten the better of her, and as she sent the head of her detail that stood outside her door on an errand to get rid of him – She threw Janice to the floor and started tearing off their clothes. Being only 16 and very naive, Janice didn't fight, and soon they were involved in a decadent tryst right there on the Great Seal Rug.

Bart Starr was in his office, and decided he needed to see Her Royal Highness as he referred to her about scheduling events next week. When he got to the door of the Oval Office, he noticed that the Detail Chief was missing and strange noises were coming from the office. Drawing his sidearm, he burst in on Hillary performing a very perverted act on his daughter. Enraged, Bart yelled "You Perverted Bitch!" then shot Hillary 3 times, the third round of Corbon .45 JHP blew Hillary's brains all over the rug, and all over Janice.

Bart grabbed Hillary's coat, and covered his daughter. Just as Bart was covering his daughter, Hillary's head of detail burst into the room, drawn by gunfire. Seeing Hillary's brains scattered on the rug, he looked to his supervisor.

"Don, we can either both go down as villains or heroes in this case, it's your call."

"What do you think, Bart?"

"Hillary's dead, if I didn't do it – some other father would have eventually. We could salvage what's left of our careers and my daughter's dignity by putting a different spin on

things – let's say Hillary was raping Janice, you went to get me since the President wasn't killing anyone, and Hillary tried to kill Janice when we both crashed in on them. We had to shoot to protect an innocent life, and I'm sure Vice President John McCain will agree."

"OK, Bart – I think we can pull this off. Anyway, Hillary has been known for getting rough with her girlfriends before."

Bart walked over to the phone, and dialed a number from memory. VP McCain answered, and Bart explained to him that Hillary's dead and he's now the President.

VP McCain's only response was "I wonder why it took so long for someone to take that Bitch out."

### **July 21, 2005 – Inauguration Day**

President John McCain took the oath of office, then finally settled into the White House. The Oval Office was still being cleaned, so he worked in a different office. His first act as President was to fire every Cabinet Officer, the Joint Chiefs, and the heads of Justice, CIA, ATF, IRS and anyone else who even remotely resembled someone that thought like Hillary.

President McCain then revoked all Executive Orders signed by Hillary, and placed phone calls to the UN General Secretary, President Fox of Mexico, and the Presidents of Britain and Canada. He told the UN and Mexico they had 24 hours to get their troops out of the US before he ordered US troops to shoot on sight. He also ordered the eviction of the UN from US soil, and the revoking of all diplomatic UN visas.

President McCain then went on National TV.

"My Fellow Americans, Hillary Clinton was killed while attempting to rape and murder a 16year old girl. I have assumed the office of President of the United States. By Executive Order, I have revoked all Executive Orders signed by Hillary, and ordered all foreign troops out of the US within 24 hours. Any foreign troops still on US soil after that time are subject to arrest, or if they resist, they can be shot on sight. I have also ordered the closing of the UN, and the removal of all UN delegates within 48 hours. The State of Emergency will be effective for the next 48 hours so we can get things going again. By Executive Order, I am hereby revoking all anti-gun legislation right now. The only exception is that violent felons or mental patients cannot own firearms for public safety reasons. Any state that doesn't go along with this order will have all Federal funding frozen immediately. I'm sorry about the loss of life shortsighted politicians like me caused, but I am now making amends. Good Night, and God Bless America!"

JW then turned off the TV, and waited for the news to sink in.

Mike was the first one to speak, "JW – it appears this emergency is going to be over shortly, so we should make preparations to head home in the next week or so when things have returned to normal. I just wanted to thank you for all of us for your hospitality during the emergency. "

"Mike – you guys not only got my son and his family through this catastrophe, you've saved my ranch and us from danger at least twice. I'm really glad you were here!"

Later, JW held a Bible Service in his home, and everyone was invited. They all felt they had been protected by God during this trial, and gave thanks.

After the Bible Service, John took Mike aside. "Mike I'm going to make you an offer you can't refuse." Mike started laughing, "OK Guido – lay it on me."

"How would you like to be the President of my new Nevada Division – the DOD is screaming for real-life testing of new weapons systems, and I'm too busy doing executive protection to handle the volume. I already cleared it with the DOD for you and anyone you



want to hire. I was thinking of setting up at an abandoned air field in Tonopah near Groom Lake's bombing range. The military just declared the entire area surplus, and would be more than happy if we used it for a base of operations. I'm willing to double your existing salary, and any other perks you want. What do you think about that?"

"John, that's a lot to think about – can I make Steve my VP? I think he's ready to leave California too."

"My DOD contact said it's OK for you to hire anyone you want, and JW is bankrolling me – but he isn't involved in the operation. He just saw a good investment."

"Can I get back to you."

"OK, but don't keep me waiting too long."

Later, Mike was talking to Steve. Steve was talking to his wife, and they were debating returning home. Neither really wanted to return to California, and they were talking about taking JW's offer about resettling them. Mike interrupted saying, "Steve, you won't believe the conversation I just had with John – it's the solution to our problems. John wants you and I to run his Nevada operation testing weapons systems for the DOD. I'll be President, and you'll be Vice President. JW is bankrolling the whole operation, and the DOD wants us to take over an abandoned air base in Tonopah."

"Mike, man we were just talking about leaving the PRC, and now this – talk about a "Message from God"."

"Not only that, but I can pay you whatever I want to – how about doubling your existing salary?"

"Sign me up Mike!"

**\* \* \* \* \* The End \* \* \* \* \***